



by Caroline Todd

A Nimbin team has just returned from nine-and-a-half weeks building a Hempcrete Earthship just north of Bundaberg on the Queensland coast.

A tropical cyclone cleared the decks for five days and several other weather events slowed building work further, but everyone remained in good spirits.

This was possibly the first Earthship build completed to lock-up stage in Australia. It was inspired by Duuvy Jester, a new member of the Nimbin community and a recent graduate of Mike Reynolds' Earthship Academy in Taos, New Mexico, USA.

The Bundaberg region experiences cyclones and bushfires, and an Earthship is a lot safer during extreme conditions.

The team worked with the intention of building a long-lasting eco-friendly home for using recycled materials where possible – tyres, cans, glass, insulation. They worked hard, ate

well, laughed loud, and got to know each other while learning new skills.

The interior will be completed during a workshop to be held in the June school holidays. This will include rendering the tyres and the hempcrete roof and creating bottle walls.

In an Earthship, water is collected from the roof and stored in tanks behind the building. The water is used for showers and basins. It then runs through an indoor grey water botanical cell that filters, cleans and oxygenates the water for in-house food production.

The water is then solar pumped to the toilet cistern for flushing and after an anaerobic process through the "outlaw septic", the contained black water is sent to the citrus trees.

The air quality is legendary in these buildings due to three main things.

- Cooling tubes pull in air, cooling the house. It is drawn up to the highest, hottest point of the greenhouse and out the skylight.

- The plants grown in the botanical cell release oxygen directly into the home.
- The thermal/passive solar heating and cooling that occurs through tyres absorbing and releasing warmth creates constant year-round comfort.

Using Hempcrete as a building material is very important. Hempcrete insulates against heat and cold, its extremely lightweight, sets harder than concrete, it's antibacterial – and white ants don't like it!

Hemp is an ecologically positive, environmentally sustainable fibre which can be used in many ways.

The team pounded 130kg of dirt into each of the 750 well-worn recycled tyres. The outsides of the tyre walls were covered in an earth berm & the inside will be rendered. This covering process removes any risk of off-gassing.

Dollar-for-dollar, an Earthship costs about half as much as a regular dwelling.

Further information from Duuvy at: [contact.terraeden@gmail.com](mailto:terraeden@gmail.com)

## Another solar success for Rainbow Power

by Bob Dooley

Two years back, Ron and Pam Grasby from Laidley, Queensland (pictured), had a dream to fit out a bus to live in and see the country as archetypal grey nomads.

So they bought a 38-foot 1982 Mercedes Benz bus and started converting it. Work that Ron couldn't do was done by experts – changing over engines, renewing the electrical system and extending it to power the mobile home.

The electrical work included installing two solar panels and eight batteries, involving a considerable expense.

But on their first trip away, they got no further than Moonbi when disaster struck. The so-called "experts" had slipped up.

"The red light came on, showing the batteries were buggered," Ron said.

They were able to nurse the bus down to Newcastle, where they spent \$1450 having the electrical system worked on – but the problem remained.

That's when they found the Rainbow Power Company on the internet.



"We ended up coming to Nimbin to get the job done properly," Pam said,

RPC staff discovered that the solar panels had been incorrectly wired-up to produce 73 volts – something they had never come across before.

After a couple of days in Nimbin, Pam and Ron now have new gel batteries, new wiring, switches and fuses, and are off again to live their dream.

"We can't praise D.C. and the boys enough," said Pam.

"Thank you to the RPC and the people of Nimbin. We have very fond memories – we'll be back!"

## Plant of the Month

by Richard Burer

Tallowwood is a common local tree that grows to around 40m on moderate fertile soils in protected, sunny positions. It is drought and frost tender. Tallowwood has fibrous rough orange bark, and an evergreen dense crown. This tree will often flower in alternate years with cream yellow flowers covering its attractive crown.

Pictured is a koala recently enjoying a meal of its long and broad leaves up in the Nightcap Range above

### Tallowwood *Eucalyptus microcorys*

Nimbin. An excellent habitat tree for koalas, try planting your own in well-drained frost-free gullies on the farm, or in a large garden, well away from houses and sheds.

This is also an excellent tree for restoration projects on dryer types of forest. The leaves of this Eucalyptus species can also be used to dye wool and silk.



## Let essential health bloom

The healing power of plants has been known for thousands of years, and much of this wisdom has been passed down by our ancestors and the shamans and healers of all indigenous cultures.

Flower essences have been used throughout the ages. Flowers were soaked in water in the sun all day and the water then drunk, used to bathe in or used to sponge down a patient.

Collecting the dew from flowers in the morning, and drinking it, is another tradition recorded across many cultures and many different times through history. This flower water was regarded as containing the healing vibration of the plant, and to be very powerful for addressing the emotional aspect of disease, while herbal medicines were known to be much more physical in their action.

The Australian Bush Flower Essences are a valuable healing tool for releasing the



negative emotional and thought patterns that underlie so much modern disease. They sit equally comfortably within the paradigms of ancient healing philosophy, modern naturopathic principles and cutting-edge quantum physics.

Best of all they are completely natural, totally safe and easy to take, making them a very accessible healing modality that anyone can use.

You can find out more about the healing qualities of the 69 Australian Bush Flower Essences by joining the Australian Flower Essences Introductory Course held on four Mondays, 10 am – 2.30 pm, starting 6th May at Lillifield community hall. Cost: \$235. For more information contact Tina on 6689-7413, mobile 0457-903-957, or email: [star-loom@hotmail.com](mailto:star-loom@hotmail.com)

At the conclusion of the course, participants will receive a certificate from Australian Bush Flower Essences.

## Getting it all down, slowly



Michael Smith of Koonorigan watched a snake feeding on a bat. The first photo shows a bat being throttled, still croaking, the second shows it swallowed. The wings, with hooks on them, were the last and hardest to get down. It took about 6 hours in the day, and probably several in the dark.

# Nimbin Market

Sunday 28th April

More information or stall bookings phone 0456 506 000

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# Ancestors and Easter

by Xi Xia

How many people in Nimbin were thinking of their ancestors this Easter?

Some may have celebrated Easter as the "return from the dead" of the crucified Christ, but the Chinese people celebrated Qing Ming Festival this Easter by paying respect to their ancestors.

Many Chinese believe that their ancestors do come back to earth from another world, and have the Qing Ming Festival to celebrate.

At the festival, paper money designed for the hereafter is burned, and food is placed on the graves, so that ancestors may live and trade in their other world, and have a feast.

China at Qing Ming time is covered in smoke in the evenings. People normally go to graveyards for the ritual, but as more and more farmers move to cities, many of them cannot go back to where their ancestors are buried.

The only place to have this ritual burning is in the crowded city, making the air-pollution worse. The time for this ritual must be before or on the day of Qing Ming.

Qing Ming is one of four annual occasions when respect is paid to ancestors. The others are Chinese New Year's Eve, and in accordance with the Chinese calendar, the third day of the third month, and first day of the tenth month. As China is a huge country, there are varying customs in different regions.

Qing Ming is one of 24 solar-terms in the Chinese calendar, also called the *yin* calendar (as opposed to the *yang* calendar, in Western use), as it considers movements of the moon which is yin. The dates of the 24 solar-terms move a couple of days earlier or later.



Qingming festival, April 4 in the Chinese calendar

There are two solar-terms in each month. This year, Qing Ming is on April 4. In April, farmers in northern China use the solar-terms to guide their activities, such as when to sow, plant, and harvest. They also indicate the Spring and Autumn equinox (in Chinese: *chun fen, qiu fen*), and the coldest and hottest day in each year. Chinese have used this yin calendar for thousands of years. It reflects Chinese farmers' wisdom.

Chinese farmers suffered a hard life for centuries.

Twenty or 30 years ago, many farmers could not afford to have wheat flour and ate only corn or sorghum flour. There was no superannuation or insurance. Ageing farmers depended on their children to look after them, and any person who failed to respect and look after their parents or elders would be scorned.

Even after the elders have died, the children must make sure they have enough money and food in their other world. When I was young, I thought that farmers were selfish and they raised children like an investment for their old age. How naive I was! When survival is the question, what else should they do?

In Chinese tradition, children are expected to obey parents and elders. To respect and obey your parents and elders is to respect the system. Even if individual elders may be not worthy of respect, the principle of respect is the foundation of society.

This does not mean a return to the old days, simply that the old ways do have value for the next generations. Village are quiet without young many people these days, and old traditions are disappearing. Migration to the city does not yet have a new set of rules to follow.

# Appreciation and Bowen Therapy

by Tonia Haynes  
Dip Bowen Therapy, Cert Remedial  
Massage, Advanced Panic Healer

It was a sad day in Northern NSW a few weeks ago when the Uki Hotel had one last drink and then caught herself on fire.

Perhaps the fact that she was only a few months off receiving the one hundred year medal from Her Majesty did not matter to the old girl.

She was probably a republican when one considers the amount of conversations that were down right anti anything that wasn't Australian, regularly slung around her walls.

Republican or not she comforted and entertained rightly or wrongly, thousands of people over those one hundred years and I wonder how many of them ever said 'thanks for the use of the hall.'

Rivalries were made and solved, secrets shared and exposed, deals promised and broken and romances begun and finished in the Uki pub. Hundreds and hundreds of them.

They say they are going to rebuild her to the original plans, but it will be impossible to replace the memories and idiosyncratic events she held in that old timber, created by the people who over so many years lived in, worked in, and visited Uki, enriching its interesting history.

My own memories of the Uki pub include, about fifteen years ago watching a greyhound race on Foxtel late one night in an empty bar whilst praying for a small miracle into my sauv blanc.

The greyhound in question was one paw away from a bullet because up until I met him, his back muscles went into spasm when he reached the u turn on the greyhound track.

Three Bowen Therapy treatments, a boost in particular mineral supplements and much eyelash fluttering at the aggrieved owner won the dog a final reprieve. One more race.

The owner had phoned to say where the dog was racing and what time. I didn't have satellite tele and the nearest was the Uki pub.

Miracle of miracles the dog finished second, I cried and the concerned publican shouted me a bourbon.

Another memory not so

pleasant was the Saturday I missed out on the lottery draw of \$4000 (the lottery draws at the Uki pub were big money in those days). At the moment my number was being called I was 50km away treating a woman who had hurt her shoulder that morning.

The Uki pub supporters were suitably sympathetic in a jocular sort of fashion and the above mentioned publican gave me a consolation prize, a hail stone from one of the worst hail storms in the history of Oz. He had kept it in the freezer for months because it was the size of a baseball, but unfortunately it did not last long in my little fridge freezer.

I wonder what happened to the old hotel? Did the resident termites decide they'd had enough of their mandibles chewing on colourful language and tall tales along with their cellulose and so blew the old girls' circuits in order to move to more respectable pastures?

Or was someone a little careless in sustaining her precious existence?

We are a little like the Uki Hotel, our cells filled with the rich memories that make up our life and often like that old building we don't really think we will be missed when we are no longer here, because others forget, or don't know how to tell us that we matter.

Humans unfortunately are inclined to be a little remiss in their appreciation of others until suddenly the other is no longer with us and we are left with sad memories, wishing we had shown them more often how important they were to our lives.

I guess we cannot blame others for their carelessness when we are so prone to not appreciating ourselves and the body that sustains us.

There is a large grey

area between being well and unwell and alternative therapies such as Bowen Therapy can help enormously to turn that grey area back to a healthy glow.

Bowen Therapy involves simple moves that can result in a seemingly miraculous leap back towards good health. It is known for its advantages in removing back, neck, shoulder and limb problems, but due to the effect it has on the deeper levels of the body it can also assist in removing other maladies that reside behind the scenes. Maladies which at the moment cause us discomfort, until the day they explode into a full blown illness.

In my mind Tom Bowen was an Aussie genius. Over the thirty years he practised his talents in Geelong, Victoria he treated all sorts of illnesses with great success and I am absolutely privileged that he passed on his knowledge to me and others like me.

Below is a short list of the many health problems that Bowen Therapy may assist in removing:

Abdominal pain, angina and chest pain, adrenal exhaustion, arthritis, Bell's palsy, bladder issues, blood circulation, colic, constipation, coughs, digestive problems, diarrhea, dizziness, ear and eye issues, flatulence, fluid retention, frozen shoulder, headaches, hiatus hernia, incontinence, lactation issues, leg cramps, menopause issues, menstruation cramps and premenstrual tension.. nausea, nervous exhaustion, swollen prostate.

These are but a few of the issues that my treatments may assist you to move away from. Towards being even more appreciated for being here.

Love, light and laughter.

# Build up those mussels

by Peter Hardwick

Clean water is vital for all living things, and local aquatic ecosystems have taken a big hit from clearing and catchment pollution.

An ally in the fight to improve aquatic ecology is the freshwater mussel. There are several different types of freshwater mussels. These bivalves clean any water they are in by filter-feeding, and they can be added to dams for this purpose.

A favourite for biological water filtering is the Flood Plain Mussel, *Velesunio ambiguus*. This is one of the larger species, with the ability to handle static dam water. Other large mussel species are better adapted to running water.

Before mussels can be



Flood plain mussels are good for dams.

dropped into a dam it must be stocked with local native fish, which play an essential role in the mussel life cycle. The mussels start off life as tiny glochidia which attach themselves to native (and only native) fish, and live parasitically on their gills or fins before dropping off. The process doesn't usually harm the fish.

While this may seem like

a one-sided relationship in favour of the mussels, they do clean the water for the fish.

The main food sources for mussels are micro algae in the water column. Over several years the mussels grow until they reach maturity. The larger mussel species can live to 40 years and grow to 12 cm long. They move around on their single tongue-like "foot", and then find a place to settle in. Then they gradually work their way into the mud.

Mussels are a traditional bush tucker, but dams would need to be well stocked before they would become a viable food source.

It's also important to be mindful of water quality when harvesting mussels for the table, because they pick up any contamination flowing into the catchment.

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# ASTRO FORECASTS BY TINA MEWS

WHAT'S HAPPENING IN THE HEAVENS ?

## April

The Sun entered the fiery sign of Aries at the last Equinox (March 20) marking a definite change in season with drier but shorter days and nights that are slowly getting longer until the midwinter solstice in June. Aries energy is standing for emergence and new beginnings. It drives on the will to separate from the past in search for a new identity, new adventures or a new form of self-expression. Individuals with a major Aries signature in their chart are said to be headstrong and quick acting; they need to feel in control of their lives. They love challenges and feel alive when on a mission. They might lack the persistence, skills or patience to complete everything they have started by themselves and at times have to rely on other people's cooperation. Not every idea turns out as initially intended, but this might not be the deeper purpose behind the deed. Very often Aries paves the way and sows the seeds that other people then successfully cultivate.

Mars is the ruling planet of Aries and has been associated with action, war and assertion of will since ancient times. Mars describes the way we do things and where or how we spend our energy. Since mid-March Mars is in the assertive and self-initiative sign Aries (until April 21) together with Uranus, the planet of unusual twists of fate. Venus, the energy field of social harmony, is also in Aries (until April 15) and feels less considerate of others in this sign and company. It will take conscious effort to choose balance, peace and harmony over the urge of getting one's own way. Therefore, giving each



other ample space for creative self-expression during the first 2/3rds of the month will assist in maintaining relationships on all levels. The New Moon on April 10 is a great moment in time for starting something that requires personal drive and strength of will, possibly enabling a shift in perspective. It will be essential to have done our homework first and know the true value of what we are standing for, because this will

add spice to our intentions as well as the promise of lasting outcomes. The Full Moon in Scorpio on April 26 (5.57 am) is a Lunar Eclipse in Scorpio followed by a Solar eclipse on May 10 and another Lunar eclipse on May 25. During a lunar eclipse the Moon passes through the Earth's shadow. Events that happen near eclipses take on increased importance and life seems to speed up. Eclipses can terminate activities suddenly and mark the milestones in the change of a cycle. Avoid major decision making about a week before and after an eclipse because we are in a shadow, unable to see the complete situation. Around a lunar eclipse we might be cut off from our feelings, or confronted with our personal or collective shadow. It is helpful to examine our feelings and investigate those areas of our psyche which are not integrated or owned yet.

For Personal Astrology Consultation contact Tina on 6689-7413 or 0457-903-957, e-mail: [star-loom@hotmail.com](mailto:star-loom@hotmail.com) Or visit my webpage: <http://nimbin-starloom.com.au>  
• Astrology classes at the Lillifield Community Centre: Wednesdays & Thursdays 10am-1pm.  
• Australian Flower Essences Introductory Course: four Mondays 10am – 2.30 pm, starting 6th May.

### Aries

It is quite possible that you are hearing the call to adventure again, feeling the need to be free to act as you choose. Take into consideration that there is a powerful line-up of forces in your sun sign including a potent conjunction between Sun and Mars (April 8-23) promising boundless creative energy that needs a physical outlet.

### Taurus

Venus, the planet of love, beauty and pleasure, moves into your sensible sun sign on April 16 kindling your need for harnessing the creative fires of the moment for artistic projects. Give yourself permission to withdraw, especially if you feel exhausted and low in energy after weeks of busyness.

### Gemini

Use the fiery energies of the moment (until April 21st) for collecting and exchanging ideas with like-minded souls. Allow yourself to be freshly inspired; clear your mind from limiting habit patterns and be open for concepts that offer new opportunities. Working out the practicalities will start when the Sun enters reliable Taurus on April 20.

### Cancer

Currently your energy is focused on your career path and life direction. Be open for new ideas regarding your life's calling. The way you perceive the world has undergone very subtle shifts and you are becoming conscious about this now. Gather support and let go of single-mindedness.

### Leo

Your vision is strong and needs to be birthed into the open field. You even might lead a campaign and fight for your convictions. However, do not take on the role of a missionary; instead find the right audience that appreciates your special display of creativity mixed with emotional strength and power of persuasion.

### Virgo

There is a part of your soul that needs to venture into the depth of your being; recover and nurture disenfranchised parts of yourself. Let any undigested resentment show up now, accept, process and integrate.

A new vision will emerge once you have left behind old thinking patterns.

### Libra

You might feel strongly about entering partnerships with others, personal as well as for business purposes. However, these are challenging times for establishing agreements that have lasting outcomes. Try to focus on shared interests and mutual goals first and work gradually through any difficulties.

### Scorpio

You might find that you have more energy right now when working alone on your creative projects. Try not to take on too many different tasks or drive yourself too hard to the point of exhaustion. Decide what you can leave behind and what needs to be done now.

### Sagittarius

Right now you feel like exploring your creative potential, being playful and experimenting with different things. Just avoid shooting your arrows too far and maintain enough discipline for getting on with your daily life. Archers are not particularly known for their patience!

### Capricorn

Many things are happening at the home front right now. You might be working hard on beautifying your home environment. Or your family needs you to focus your energy on them distracting you from your own projects. Whatever the scenario might be, you are asked to be a constructive leader.

### Aquarius

You are the mental pioneers of the zodiac, forward-thinking and brilliant. Be aware that you have a mind of your own and that you can appear inconsiderate or 'superior'. On the other hand you are able to 'sell' your ideas to others with your powers of persuasion. Therefore it is important that you are clear about your values and principles.

### Pisces

Values and resources are important to you and right now your focus is on how to make money to support your life style. Balance your dreams to what is possible and curb your tendency towards extravagance. Find the beauty in your everyday surroundings and the people that are close to you.

## Green is where the heart is

by Marilyn Scott

For a while now I've been sheltering myself from the gigantic world of communication, information, and the world-wide web.

Having had polio as a kid, I've had my share of body issues, but over the past couple of years they became serious. So I stopped everything and gave myself the time and space to heal.

I've become even more aware of the gift of my life, the fact that I have breath coming in and out of me. It's easy to overlook this – we all have so much going on in our lives – and during all of these, the breath just keeps coming in and going out, keeping us alive.

And we have this incredible Earth, a paradise, divine kindness with a wisdom and intelligence that's simply awesome, the beauty and loving tenderness. And then there's the entire cosmos... the magic and kindness goes on and on.

These are all complements of Life, of breathing, that we get to experience this. It's good to be reminded of this reality.

Having withdrawn myself, hibernated away from all outer activity, my focus had shifted, my priorities changed. Being well, living and breathing had become my life. All my clever ideas, my visions, my understanding, my perceptions and opinions seemed irrelevant.

I'm now a little slow in the morning. I sit with my chai and enjoy the quietness. Where I live is very quiet, just the birds – the silence so delicious – I'm very lucky. I decided this morning to check FB for messages from a friend... it was then that I saw it, and for the first time in a while my passions flared.

It was a comment on a post about "please, please don't let Tony in"... there's been a lot of it about recently, being an election year. People are really concerned and it's understandable.

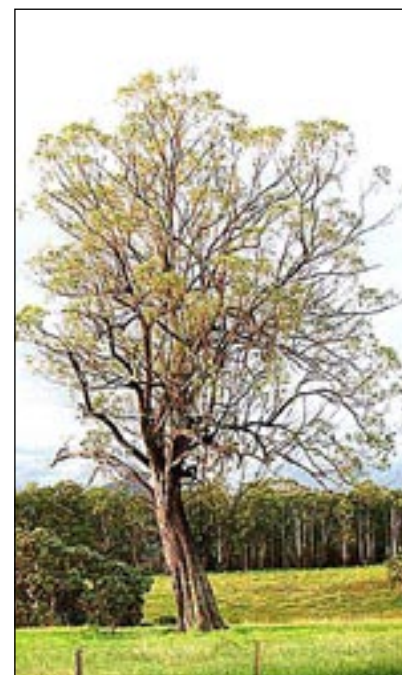
But it was the comment that got to me. It was from a person I knew, an intelligent person who commented on the dilemma of choice, implying there were only

two parties to choose from. That really got me going... well, to write this article actually.

A few years back I made a decision and began voting Green. I've heard the land speak. I feel it, I respect it, I want to care for it. So I voted Green.

To me it's a no-brainer: who's going to care for the Earth? Everything else we can work out, but without the Earth, well, simply we will not exist.

Now time for another cup of chai and a good lie down on my verandah, soaking up the beauty, the silence, the tranquillity, the healing vibrations and Nature's loving kindness. Have a great month.



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**Elles**  
Friday 5th and Saturday 6th April, 7.30pm,  
\$10, cafe open from 6pm  
Elles looks into the lives of the women who work in the world's oldest profession. Freelance journalist Anne (Juliette Binoche) is writing a piece on prostitution, and interviews two young women, yet her life is in the spotlight. Rated R. French with English subtitles.

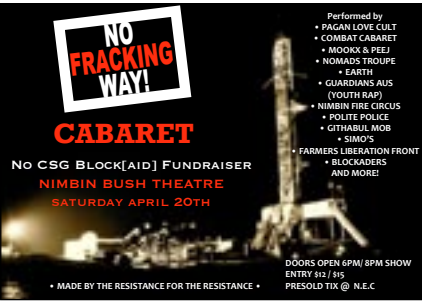


We will be closed for the weekend of Friday 12th and Saturday 13th April

**Sleepwalk With Me**  
Friday 19th April ONLY 7.30pm, \$10, dinner from 6pm.

A burgeoning stand-up comedian is starting to make a name for himself, but is struggling to commit to his girlfriend. Those around him are putting on the pressure, and soon enough, Matt is sleepwalking. Stars Mike Birbiglia in

this autobiographically inspired indie film. Rated PG.



**No Fracking Way! Cabaret No CSG Blockaid fundraiser**  
Saturday 20th April only, from 6pm, \$15/\$12, dinner from 5pm.

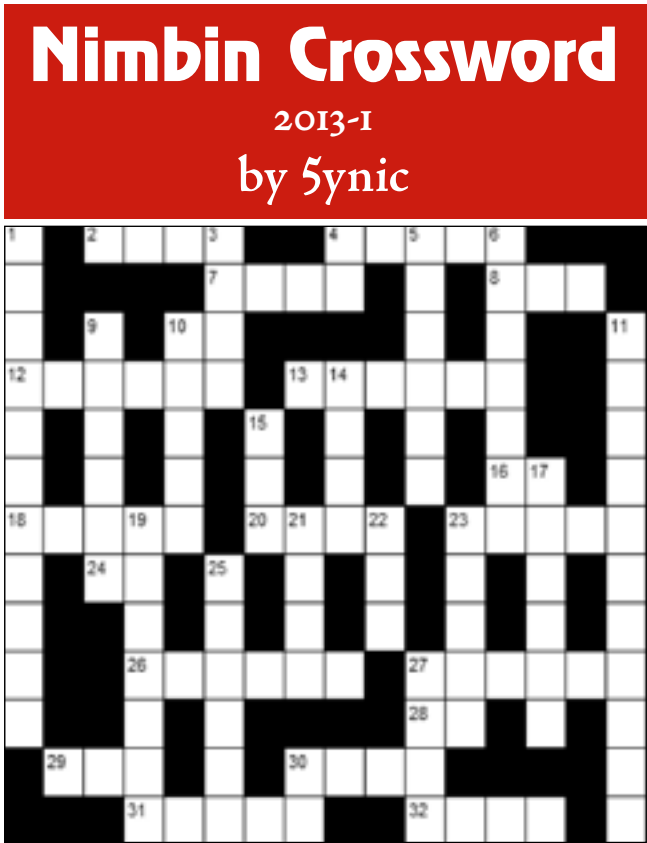
A night of comedy, cabaret, spoken word, lock-on re-enactments, film feasts, auctions and some serious frack-off fun. Proceeds will go to future blockades and activities, and to support all those on the front line.

**The Loneliest Planet**  
Friday 26th and Saturday 27th April, 7.30pm, \$10, dinner from 6pm  
A young couple, seasoned travellers, are guided through the Caucasus Mountains by an older man. Tensions mount, and there is a brief scene where a wedge is driven between the characters. Stars Gael Garcia Bernal. Rated M



**Mardi Grass 2013: 4th, 5th, 6th May**  
We are still finalising our Mardi Grass programming, and are planning to bring you music, film and food all weekend! We'll update you soon, but feel free to ask.

**Aquarius May 2013**  
We have a few weeks of films and documentaries, brought to you by our fellow Woodstockians. All will be confirmed soon.



**Across**  
2. See 4 Across.  
4. (and 2 across) Byron's premier roots event (5,4)  
7. Ancient Norse script  
8. Casual console (for U?)  
10. Gap year travels  
12. Chimps? The circus staff  
13. Transfer file (to server)  
16. Jesuits? (init.)  
18. Spars (at foot of sails)  
20. Groped? Beaten cloth  
23. Sheared  
24. Not applicable (init.)  
26. (And 30 across)  
Landmark near Mount Burrell (6,4)  
27. Security (when storing files)  
28. Forum poster (as opposed to commenter)  
29. No fracking way (init.)  
30. See 26 across.  
31. First class cricketing county, SE England  
32. Boxes without hinge, key or lid, yet golden treasure inside is hid

**Down**  
1. Oz's pouched ringer for the egg-delivering lagomorph? Rose-Marie Dunning character (6,5)  
3. Large, branching plant  
4. Exist  
5. Gestating  
6. Skype, The Pirate Bay, Ericsson? Chef!  
9. NVDA manoeuvre – for example to prevent a drill rig being moved into position (4,2)  
10. Precious or semi-precious mineraloid  
11. Nimbin's guitar and musical instrument supplies  
14. Remove (skin?)  
15. Sifted cannabis resin  
17. Raised Jesus  
19. Backrub?  
21. Style? Lotus  
22. Ball-stand (League, Rugby, Golf)  
23. Hustler? Opposite of cannabis cigar  
25. Holy wars  
27. The real thing  
30. "Medical Prescription" (Latin init.)

Solution Page 27



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Being a garage sale junkie, I simply cannot resist a swanky pair of men's shoes for \$1. If they don't fit my husband, I can give them to someone.

On presenting these podiatry masterpieces at home, Norm informs me that he has his four pairs of requisite shoes; work boots, sandals, thongs and his good, black funeral shoes. He doesn't need or want any more.

How different men are from women. We have shoes to match every colour dress. Some even have diamonds on the soles of their shoes. Sandals, thongy things, strappy numbers and boots of all persuasions for all occasions.

I offer them to his best mate but they are too small, and anyway Italian leather shoes are not his working-class man style.

The next friend admits they are pretty suave, but this rocker will only be seen shod in his super duper blue suede boots and lets face it, who could top those?

So who will be my Cinderfella? Hang on a moment, they could be my size. I try them on and, oh my aching bunions (caused from wearing high heeled shoes in my youth), the comfort. Broad, with a wide toe, I feel like I have upgraded from a single bed to a double and stretch my feet out luxuriously.

The heel is low and the look is cool, elegant, and androgynous. I have never experienced such a comfortable pair of shoes bar my thongs, runners and ugg boots. Forget the bloody pointy toes and the ridiculous back crippling high heels, or the slippery ones with no grip that nearly kill you on a rainy day. This is it.

I've discovered man's secret weapon. Comfortable shoes!

*Cinderfella*

*The world according to...*  
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# Cicha and Chugu

“*B*arribe lau luhammaru to you all.”

Being ‘esteemed’ guests of the village, myself, Catherine and Sue were invited to a Chugu; a sacred ceremony in celebration to say ‘goodbye’ to one of the village deceased who is now ready to join the other spirits of the cosmic world. Custom has it that after the death, and the subsequent period of mourning, a family member or close friend has a vivid dream about their mortally departed loved one; a message that the loved one is ready for their next journey in life into their spiritual world and freedom from the tribulations and pain of our human existence. Everyone makes the exquisitely beautiful two kilometre walk from the village to the sacred site of the Chugu along finely powdered, blindingly white hot sands emanating from the estuaries and the black satin textured silts of the Caribbean coastline that blend back into the tropical magnificence of the mountainous jungle.

There must have been over a hundred hammocks slung amongst a grove of coconut palms centred by a ‘long hut’, that accommodated at least two hundred people,



## Fruit of the Vine

by Terry Beltrane

the venue for the music and dancing that was the focal point of the Chugu. The drums, finely crafted from local timber and of every shape and size, timid to begin with, gradually built to that throbbing, deep in your chest that insists on body movement. Backup was from these incredibly loud maracas ornately decorated (like the drums) with burnt inlays, made from gourds filled with seeds from a specific local species of tree. There wasn’t an amp in sight; and none needed (there’s no power in the village except from two generators working at night for the ‘hotel’ and ‘bar’). Chicha was flowing like Mulgum Creek in flood with the odd shot of Ron and copious tokes of ‘griffa’

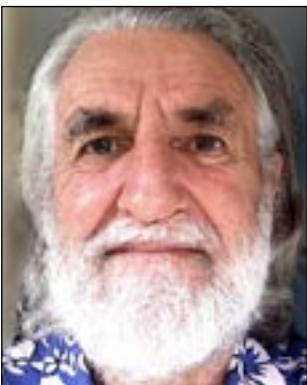
(these people know how to grow). We had offered to bring along some pineapple wine, which I’d shown them how to make (much to their delight) but the offer was gently refused as it was not customary to the traditions of Chugu.

Like freshly made liquorice, svelte bodies gyrated to a palpitating rhythm of dozens of hands on hide in harmony with the rattle and roll of those cacophonous maracas, a background to the hundreds of earthy Caribe voices oscillating between emotions of lament and joy. On occasions we were asked to leave the long hut while the ‘secret songs and dance’ were performed and then enthusiastically invited back into that frenzy of music and dance. Between the Cicha, griffa, Ron, cigarette smoke and little sleep, everyone looked to be bleeding from the eyes and still the celebrations went on until late afternoon the next day when it was time for the farewell feast.

The village Shaman meanwhile had ceremonially dealt with a huge boar with his incantations while taking sips of Ron and spraying from his lips fine mists over the now mesmerised boar before felling it with one swing of his club. The boar had then been shaved and ‘dressed’ and was now cooking over a spit of vermilion coals ready for the flower decorated table covered in seafood, fruit, vegetables, rice, beans and bowls of Chicha. An enormous platter reserved for the departed was predominant at the head of the table. After the feast it was to be buried at sea as it no longer had nutrient or flavour, that being taken by the departed for their journey.

On the return to the village late that evening we came across a wizened old man drinking gourds of Chicha while adzing out a long canoe from an enormous tree trunk. Wondering how he could work so hard at his age while drinking so much, I asked him how long it would take him to finish his task and he replied, “Much longer than you will be staying here”.

terryb88@tpg.com.au



## Mookxamitosis

by Brendan (Mookx) Hanley

Just when you thought it was safe to go to the dunny...

Go ahead and fart... make my day.” – Dirty Harry Hendo, head of Fart Squad.

It’s 2020, and Megagaspool (MGP) have become the Dominant Corporation, having discovered the world’s largest CSG reserve under Cullen St. Nimbin back in 2013. They succeeded in running all the hippies out and closing the town late that year with their diabolical dogshit campaign, aided by the NSW Police.

The Police had been working for the Corporations for decades without anybody realising. No one ever connected the dots between Corporate profit, and the ever-continuous assault on the local Regional people and their Sacramental Cannabis plant. The plant that would save the world, and was already providing a substantial subsidy for impoverished, artistic and inventive, self-sufficient rural re-settlers. The Rum Rebellion lives on.

Anyway, MGP has already taken over Monsanto, Coca Cola, McDonalds, Woolworths, Big Petro-Chemical, Big Pharma, Big Food, Big Media. They have all fallen to Megagaspool’s inconceivably bad Corporate stench. Some days the Stock Market had to close down it got that bad. MGP now hold patents on everything from birth to death, fire, air, wind and water... they own it all and charge a tax according to any kind of usage, anywhere on the planet!

However, despite all this pomp and profit, all was not well with chief Hendo and his gassy-guys-at the top. There was a whole area of human activity that had consistently evaded their tax-collective cunning to date.

People could fart as much as they like and MGP was not getting paid! Not a red cent for all that scent!



A frantic meeting of Harry and the boys was held, and an ingenious scheme was invented, that would solve the problem and make the Corporation untold trillions in perpetuity.

They got a law enacted that was then sold in schools, sale-priced in supermarkets, trumpeted on television and channelled in churches. Farts are composed mainly of methane (with the occasional piquancy of Hydrogen Sulphide... or a trace of last night’s curry!) Methane is a by-product of the CSG and Petroleum Industries and therefore legally, wholly-owned by MGP.

To fart is to breach the Act and commit a crime by illicitly issuing a Corporate-owned patented product. Consequently all farts are subject to a tax, to be paid along with income, GST, Carbon Tax, etc. This levy applies to all pets, children, livestock and even vermin harbouring in one’s abode. Farting in one’s sleep or whilst on the loo is taxable and monitor-able. Attempting to evade payment by doing silent sneakers is likely to get you heavily penalised!

“How do we make sure we get paid what’s owing to us?” queried Executive Global Enforcer Frederick Faeces (promotions were thick and fast at MGP if you had a pooey or smelly name!)

“We enforce it of course!” party-lined Chief Brown-Nose Executive Melvin Muckypoo with an obsequious grin. His boss Hendo smiled approvingly.

And so was spawned the dreaded MFP! The Megagaspool Fart Police. The most feared invasive army in the world. Their official motto was “Flatulence is Opulence!” ...but off the record, the Terror Thugs who manned the Force had their own motto: “With guns, dogs and squirts... we’re after your blurters!”

And those poor bloody dogs! From having the world’s best job, sniffing out (and often munching) primo buds and hash, they are suddenly reduced to doing with humans (yuk) what they do with every other dog in the neighbourhood. Sniff their bums! Ye Gods! So... whether you’re queuing at the theatre, Aldi or Woolies, catching a bus, waiting at the airport, even going to the loo for a friendly poo... there’s a wet nose and a huffy puffy surprise waiting for you if you have even the vaguest flutter of flatulence!

And then, once the dog has snuffled your bustle and indicated the presence of methane, the cop produces the dreaded Fartometer. It’s sort of a cross between a machine gun, a vacuum cleaner, a breathalyser and a Geiger counter... sniffing and analysing you and the surrounding air for a trace of your anal indiscretion. It measures the fart volume in decibels, its duration in microseconds and accompanying aroma/ flavour in a language similar to nuclear radiation counts. Resonance and musicality are thankfully non-taxable items. It’s referred to as a “squirter” because it is also fitted with a formidable turbo-pressure enema, intended for use on victims suspected of smuggling or hiding methane!

You’re no longer safe farting in your bed, at the kitchen table, in your car... or especially in the dunny! They know you’re going to make taxable emissions in there... and that drone hovering outside your window is calculating your methane manufacture like an overworked taxi meter.

The Monsanto arm of the Corp. is looking at patenting poo and wee next... any kind of fertiliser clearly belongs in their product range.

Be very afraid of the poo police!

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by Michael Smith, Catherine Baker and Len Martin

Four women joined me in early March for a walk from Broken Head to Whites Beach –one of our most rugged stretches of coast. On arriving we were disappointed to find that paid parking at Broken Head was \$2 per hour. We decided to park 100 metres away, where it was still free. We moved on to encounter the sea foam below.

Now low tide, it was our job to walk around the volcanic, abrasive, and angular rocks, to Kings Beach. A band-aid was soon needed. White foam, 500mm deep, topped by a brown scum, was rolling back and forth with the swell. Some of this foam had blown up the shoreline and dried out, leaving a speckled, crumbly coating on the rocks.

According to Wikipedia, this spume is “a type of foam created by the agitation of seawater, particularly when it contains higher concentrations of dissolved organic matter, [which] can act as surfactants or foaming agents... the presence of these surfactants under these turbulent conditions traps air, forming persistent bubbles that stick to each other through surface tension”.

Freshly-ground pumice littered the high-tide mark. We stopped for a snack under the Pandanus Palms at Kings Beach as a scrub turkey wandered by. It was dry, sunny, 26 degrees. Good weather for nude bathing, for which this place is famous. It is also a ‘gay beat’.

We headed south into a wilder world of rocky puzzles. Our rock-hopping cycled between dance, jump and stretch, as we tried to fit the natural shapes to the

length of our limbs and the angles our joints were able to flex. Above us the vegetation had been pruned by savage winds. The weak had fallen, the strong made naked.

To seaward, fine silt from our farms, having rushed down-river, clouded the water. Much of the sand was gone from the beaches. We lunched on a deserted Brays Beach.

On a grassy headland further south, we chilled out to the spectacular view and display of nature’s fury. When time was up, we headed home to where we were needed.

– Michael Smith

Further adventures along the coast later in March consisted of an easy walk along the shady fire trail adjacent to Brunswick Heads beach, and back again along the beach itself, with a cooling breeze thrown in. There were seven of us, and the biggest prize was coinciding with the Brunswick Heads Kites and Bikes Festival.

Talk about fun! As we left the fire trail and headed north along the beach, I

promptly forgot almost everything Michael and Len had been telling us about the flora and fauna, because I was mesmerized by the dance of huge and colourful critters high in the sky ahead. To add to my sense of entering childhood again, Michael produced from his backpack not one but two homemade kites. I got to play with both of them. The bigger one pulled like there was a Rottweiler up there at the end of the string.

We drew it in before reaching the main attraction, to avoid possible entanglement; for there, way above our heads, was indeed a flying dog or two. And a penguin, a crocodile, a pussycat, a huge tiger, an even more huge – what? – it looked like a giant multi-coloured lamprey. There were heaps of beautiful more traditional kites, a gigantic flying potted plant, and much more – all breathing and dancing and diving in the perfect breeze.

Thank you to all concerned! Now for Len’s botanical eye on the same walk.

– Catherine Baker

Seven lucky walkers enjoyed a bright breezy day in the nature reserves of Brunswick Heads, with the bonus of the town’s Bikes and Kites Festival.

This area has many mature *Banksia integrifolia*, and Tuckeroo, but is very flat, possibly having been sand mined.

The area closest to town has obviously been cleared of bloody Bitou Bush, but further along there was rich growth, much well up into the canopy, illustrating how this devastating weed destroys our native coastal vegetation.

Nevertheless, it was a pleasant and interesting walk. There were several broad-leaved mistletoe plants, all apparently the one species with the same leaf form, but on three different hosts with very different leaf-forms: a banksia, a ti-tree and a she-oak.

After the kite watching, across the river we drove, via Ocean Shores, to Brunswick Heads Nature Reserve. This is a much larger, and relatively pristine area of coastal (littoral) rainforest, essentially weed free and with complete canopy.

We lunched and swam at the northern bank of the Brunswick River. A huge area of tidal wetlands is at the heart of this reserve and has rich bird life.

It’s a great place to visit. I certainly need to go again; having carefully recharged my camera battery, I then forgot to replace it in the camera – wondered why nothing happened when I went to take a group photograph...

– Len Martin



Shared snack

## Walks Program for April

**Nimbin Bushwalkers Club Inc.**

### Saturday 13th April

#### Tunglebung Falls

**Leader** Don Durrant (6633-3138 at night).

**Grade 3**, 5 hrs. Two waterfalls, wildflowers and swimming.

**Meet:** 10.30am Cambridge Plateau Rest Area, Cambridge Plateau Scenic Drive, near Mallanganee. **Bring** hat, food, water, swimmers.

### Sunday 28th April

#### Nimbin Rocks Co-op

(Members only, cancelled if raining)

**Leader** Len Martin (6689-0254)

**Grade 3.5**, 3hr slow circuit ramble. Creek, paddocks, woodlands, rainforest and waterfall. Some moderate grades and parts off-track. Not suitable for beginners or small children.

**Meet** 9am at Co-op entrance, 2345A Nimbin Road opposite Shipway Road (about 3km south of Nimbin).

**Bring** hat, gloves, water, lunch.

*Unless otherwise specified, visitors (non members) welcome, but will be required to pay a fee of \$5 per walk, deducted from membership fee when they join Club. Membership \$15pp to Secretary Len Martin, PO Box 20061, Nimbin, 2480 (Phone 6689-0254; email pteropus42@smartchat.nrt.au).*

Website [www.nimbinbushwalkers.com](http://www.nimbinbushwalkers.com)



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# WE ARE GODS



I have sat in a tent with my Baba friends for over two weeks. Fresh from their Kumba Mela celebrations and purifications their spirits are revived. Now the cycle will begin again of pilgrimage and hardship. Three to six months fasting in the Himalayas Mountains for many. Meditation, yoga, purifying and fighting practices. Many of my new Baba friends are men of the warrior caste in their late 20s and early 30s. Their bodies are sleek and hard. Lucky me. From seated positions on the floor smoking a chillum they will suddenly begin a series of absurdly difficult yoga poses. Smooth, controlled strength.

Another Baba will be on his PlayStation fiercely fighting a combat game. Beating technology effortlessly. Mobile phones blare out tinny Hindi music or holy chants. Or 'I'm a Barbie Girl'... I kid you not. A special gift for me! I am in heaven and hell in equal measure. Hell is the nightmare visions of Varanasi's grey-sooted walls from generations of funeral pyres. A ghoulish background with gut wrenching smells and death everywhere. The chant of "Ram, ram, ram..." continuously echoes in the foetid air, heralding each body on its final journey through the narrow streets to the river to burn. I'm not eating well.

Heaven is spending time with these fiercely proud yet ironically humble men. I have

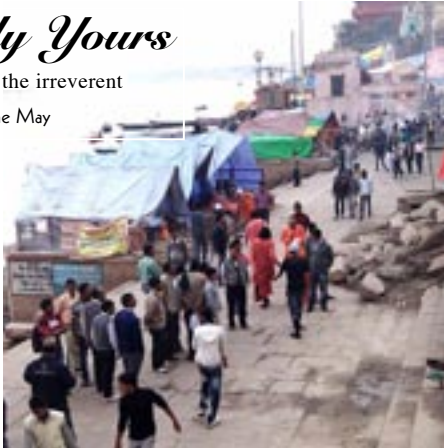
## Ironically Yours

Travel diary of the irreverent  
by Dionne May

come to respect these men and their difficult life choices and they in turn have come to respect this hippy Nimbin mother. The more you sit in quiet meditation or simply in the quiet the more the blissful silence fills you up. Less and less is the need for idle talk. Everything is understood and communicated through gesture or eye contact.

In the quiet spaces you feel the energy more and the egos less. As droves of middle class Indians saunter past to witness this Baba spectacle you start to see the lack of respect on the faces of these new consumer Indians towards the wandering holy men. In their new designer clothes, gold watches gleaming they scoff at what they can only see as poverty; the same lack of respect that many Hippies have endured in their quest for a simpler life. Both forego economic gains for spiritual freedom and ideals of peace and humility versus ego, competition and consumerism.

However, the beautiful simple truths given to anyone open to their wisdom warmed



my heart. It's a clear message to all; you can change. Meditate. Be loving. Simple questions to help guide them towards God, Enlightenment, Peace or whatever you want to label it. Who are you when you are sleeping? Who are you in the world? My small contribution ... learn from the mistakes of the West about plastic. India's rivers are choking. Respect Mother Nature, Respect life. Respect Everyone. Honour your Mother. I believe that the Babas of India are on the right path and their humble journey to God is a joy to experience. I am truly blessed to have spent this time with them and am thrilled to be travelling north with some of them soon into the mountains. One young warrior said to me "They think we are beggars...we are Gods!" I agree. "They think we are hippies... we are Goddesses!" I add, and wink at him.



by Bob Tissot

OK. It's 7am in Siam Reap and I'm walking up to Pub Street (above) to get the bus back to Phnom Penh. Naturally, Pub Street is filled from one end to the other with pubs; side by side, cheek by jowl, all selling obscenely cheap liquor of dubious provenance. It occurs to me that this refreshingly honest approach to street names could be usefully employed in Australia. Rapacious Bank Boulevard... Thieving Lawyer Lane... Public Service Close (closed for repairs).

For reasons that can only be explained as stupidity, I've booked passage on the 'fast bus' to get back to the capital. Not that the bus coming up was slow but this 'fast bus' does the six hour trip in five and God knows a busy man like me needs every extra hour he can get. Idiot! We shave that hour off the journey by cramming into an overpowered mini-bus and hurtling, pedal to the metal and air-horns blazing, down the wrong side of the road. In Phnom Penh I use that extra hour to uncramp all my muscles and wash away the stench of fear.

It's mid-afternoon and Simmo and J.J. have gone off to pick up Apsara from the engineer's mud flat and sail her back to town. All the leaks have been plugged, a new alternator fitted and the bilge pump repaired. Because they've taken the laptop with them I search out an internet café to get my boarding pass for the flight home. What a bizarre scene! I'm the only person not wearing headphones, and the place is awash with high-pitched Khmer girls talking to men on-line through Skype. "Love you long time baby; when I see you?" They're all making gestures at their screens and chattering aloud, some in Khmer, some broken English but all giggling. Very surreal.

The message on my screen however is not surreal but simply scary. "Boarding passes are not issued on-line within one hour of scheduled departure." One hour! What the hell are they talking about? I don't leave 'til tonight. A

quick check of my paperwork confirms what I suspected, I've stuffed up! I leave in exactly 57 minutes and the airport is at least 40 minutes away.

Exploding from the café like a champagne cork at a Grande Prix podium, I grab the nearest moto driver and promise him \$10 if his bike can get me to the airport in 30 minutes. And so begins one of the more dangerous 30 minutes of my life, as we duck and weave through the chaos at breakneck speed, ignoring red lights, police whistles and an almost continuous cacophony of horns abusing us.

Made it in just over 30, and while digging out the driver's fare I find the half-full bag of crappy Cambodian weed as well. Shit! Wrap the \$10 note around it and pass the lot to the driver, then run for the check-in without looking back.

As it happens, the plane is delayed for an hour, check-in goes smoothly and I'm in the departure lounge when the first text comes through.

"On Apsara. No more leaks! Heading for home."

I let them know my situation, make my farewells... and the second text arrives.

"Out of fuel! Stranded in middle of Mekong! The anchor works!"

It appears that with everything else occupying their minds, nobody had even thought about fuel. In fact, Apsara hadn't been refuelled since she was built! Just a minor oversight. They were calling my flight when the third text arrived.

"J.J. will swim to shore. Empty fuel can strapped to back!"

The final text arrived as I was told, for the second time, to turn off my phone.

"J.J. gone. Like bullet. Whoosh!"

Looking out the window as we turn for home, I can see a familiar turquoise blue boat sitting in the middle of the river, and almost lost in the mist I can make out a small, red shape bobbing rapidly downstream towards Vietnam.

## Ugandan Tales PART 3

by Peter Atkinson

I was once in a hotel in Kygegwa. A normal sized room, with a ceiling fan, had been divided with a flimsy Masonite partition up to about two feet under the fan. This 'wall' had a small spy hole in it next to my head.

One steamy afternoon I was stripped off and lying back, getting my share of the fan when the distinct sounds of hanky panky began to come from the other side. I checked the spy hole but it wasn't much use. There was just a patch of skin around 10cm away.

Suddenly there was a rattling of the door to the adjoining room.

Over the partition, landing on me, came a sandal and a sarong, quickly followed by a stark naked girl, who just managed to sneak under the fan. She signalled me to be silent and went straight to the spy hole.

After about five minutes of chatter from the other room, the door slammed and over the partition sailed the second sandal. The girl gave me a big smile and, clutching her sarong and sandals, went out my door.

## Save-a-Mate



A free first-aid course for Jungle Patrol volunteers will be held on Thursday May 2nd, 9am-3pm at the Nimbin Bowlo. Register for the Save-a-Mate course with Heidi, phone 6689-7589.

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# If the War goes on

Reflections of a Refugee

by Chris Aitchison

Perhaps others saw it coming, but from my perspective the end came swiftly, and without portent.

The Protectors were digging in for the winter: steeling for prolonged and gruelling guerrilla warfare against an enemy with deep pockets and a heavily-armed, state-sanctioned security apparatus at its beck and call. There appeared to be no telling how long the war would run.

How many wells would pockmark our beloved land before the coal seam gas juggernaut was stopped in its tracks? How many brutal police operations would have to be endured? How many beautiful and high-minded people would have to be hauled like criminals before the courts?

It would be stopped, that much was certain. There was nothing to negotiate, and no scope for compromise: the miner was determined to realise its macabre industrial vision for the Northern Rivers and come good on its promises to salivating shareholders, but the Defenders and their communities, with infinitely more at stake, would not willingly relinquish anything in defence of their land, water, and way of life. There was every indication that there were many long and bitter battles ahead, right up until the very moment that Metgasco announced an indefinite halt to hostilities.

Over the days preceding Metgasco's announcement, an astute observer may have seen the dominoes quietly falling as first the Federal Government, with one eye fixed on an approaching election turned the other to a popular and growing movement and sought to exploit the increasing resistance to coal seam gas. In public statements, the NSW Government dismissed these Commonwealth interferences as political games, but in secret, dissent within its own ranks was reaching a critical point.

Within days, the NSW

Government, under extreme duress, made several quick shifts in its position on the issue, the announcement of which precipitated an immediate suspension of Metgasco's activities, and put an end to aspirations for several other large unconventional gas projects across the State. The Metgasco house of cards collapsed: menacing one day, defeated and near bankrupt the next, fleeing with little more to show for its conquest than a couple of hired rigs.

Responding to the final red alert, my young girls and I had made our way from Murwillumbah to Doubtful Creek to bear witness to the retreat. Turned back by police from the drill site, we headed instead to McDonalds Bridge where a small crowd had gathered to bid the aggressors one final farewell.

I had imagined that the mood would be exuberant, but in fact it was oddly stifled. As the trucks disappeared from sight, very little was said, and only a collective sigh could be felt. The motorcade was en route, no doubt, to another assignment, some place else. With the jubilation, which many no doubt felt, a profound collective sadness seemed to coalesce.

We did not perpetrate or welcome this conflict. There was little joy to be found in the polarisation of our families and communities, or in facing off against columns of thuggish riot police hiding the windows to their troubled or seared souls behind dark sunglasses.

The battle had taken its toll, and the traumas of war would not simply roll away with the receding trucks and police escorts. The Defenders could go home, but the effects of the conflict would linger within many, and the fractures within some communities would not easily heal.

Who knows when and from where the next major assault on our homeland will arise? In the meantime, however, I will rejoice in the current victory, know the sadness, and reaffirm my Love for this Place and her People.

# Nimbin Physical Activity Centre faces changes

by Annie McWilliam  
Community Services Coordinator,  
Lismore City Council

The Nimbin Physical Activity Centre is going through some changes.

The establishment of the centre was the result of a three-year collaboration between Lismore City Council, the Nimbin Neighbourhood and Information Centre, Nimbin Central School, the local community, NSW Dept Sport and Recreation, and the then North Coast Area Health Service.

The Health and Welfare Association was auspicing the centre, but relinquished this role in July last year. Council has taken on the role of an interim auspicing body to ensure the centre can move toward a model of management that will be sustainable in the long term.

Council has sought a lot of advice on how best to run a community gym and

has spoken at length to Kyogle Together, a community body that successfully established a gym. It has researched in great detail alternative service models so the Nimbin Physical Activity Centre is well managed for the whole community into the future.

After much investigation, the model that's emerged as the most suitable is for the Nimbin Physical Activity Centre to operate much like a small business.

An auspicing body will govern all aspects of the gym, including administration, to ensure its continued function and accountability at all times. There will be a public tender for someone to lease the venue and the equipment and control day-to-day management of the gym.

Council will manage the public tender process and it will be open to any individual, community organisation or business to submit a tender. A fully transparent and open process will then

take place in order for the successful tenderer to win the rights to manage Nimbin Physical Activity Centre.

The community has made it very clear that it values the gym and wants a sustainable, community-based model for its continued operation. We believe this small business model is sustainable and benefits the people of Nimbin by ensuring community-owned equipment. The venue can be maintained long into the future.

Council will ensure the auspicing body has skills training and support to ensure best-practice governance of the facility as a community-managed model.

We have called for Expressions of Interest for an auspicing body and the tender process for the gym management will be announced in the June edition of *The Nimbin GoodTimes*.

For more information about the Nimbin Physical Activity Centre, call 1300-878-387

# Setting seed in Haiti – a permaculture tale

by Charlie Tide

While working for a grassroots organisation called Sadhana Forest in Haiti, a small group of avid permaculture-heads sensed the urgency of direct action and the need to put skills to use in an integrated way.

A small, un-named, partially independent collective formed. Some local garden sites were selected and those studying the Permaculture Design Course offered at Sadhana were encouraged. Land analysis began.

The dream was of creating solidarity within Anse-a-pitre, empowering not only the immediate families but the entire community. The site analysis had many proposals from many switched-on souls, and it was decided that a collaborative base would be created.

Only intuition (and a whole lot of drawing and talking in the midst of the Haitian deforested desert) would guide us!

Our vision for this site was one of community empowerment and local resistance to an unstable economy. A space that created a base for permacultural knowledge, integrating a local seed saving station, native nursery and a space to learn and collaborate with all those wanting to learn these mysterious depths they knew as "permakilti".

The creation of the garden was a beautiful evolution. As canals are used in Anse-a-pitre, flooding was the



preferred way of watering the local crops of corn and cane, but not at all suitable for a garden that would in the future accommodate root crops and greens.

So we got the tools out and began the implementation of a keyhole system, filled with organic matter, that would serve as a much more sustainable watering system, watering the crops from root up, thereby minimizing evaporation and soil disturbance.

A multi-storied trellis system was put in place for food forests, using foraged organic ingredients, the purpose of which was to increase natural abundance in a small space with an already established canopy.

In the ground beds, stones from the dry riverbeds were salvaged and re-used for stepping stones. These gave access to harvest left and right, low and high. A nursery was created, using rope trellis systems for a living shade, where native plants could be cultivated and shared with the local community.

Throughout the week we worked on this property, we laughed and shared with the

local kids who would come and visit, were made constant rounds of coffee, Haitian (sugar!) style, were graced by the beauty and absolute passion of the locals who jumped at each chance to contribute and make a true difference to a nation they were proud of, but a nation torn all the same.

We ran about the whole town collecting the remaining fallen leaves, the last survivors of slash and burn agriculture, for mulch. And each day, in tow, were kids learning a new way of agriculture, avidly bagging the leaves as we taught them the beauty of mulch and all that it could grow.

We lined the beds with brown matter, green matter and some ash, making barriers with fallen palm leaves and edging with salvaged river stones, looking at our work that had quickly manifested after five days of hard work.

After months of loving and learning from the same small rural town of Anse-a-pitre, I left the team to hike through Haiti, to discover the national peasants' movements we had heard about. But before I left, I got to plant the first nitrogen fixers, a multitude of traditional bean species. I returned later to see the first sprouts, and it was in every essence, so radical to see the

resistance had already seeded.

In just a few weeks, we had created what would become self-sustaining abundance and, I hope, solidarity.

The ol' pearl of the Carribean, Haiti, changed me, in the best ways... because lands ignored, lands constantly torn apart by an unbalanced global civilisation, are where the truth lies.

They are where we learn to love each and every one regardless of past or placement, where we see kids with little more than a tyre and stick happier than ever, and the paradox of his comrade, who eats a "biscuit" comprised of dirt to ease his hunger. We realise what true inconsistency is, when a land of wealth means many poor.

We need to create change each day in places that need them most. Haiti is but one.

## Nimbin Crossword Solution From Page 23



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Leaving	Arriving	Leaving	Arriving
Lismore Transit Centre	Nimbin – Main St. (Park)	Lismore Transit Centre	Nimbin – Main St. (Park)
7.00am	7.45am	8.00am	8.30am
8.00am	8.45am	12.00pm	12.35pm *
12.00pm	12.35pm *	2.35pm	3.10pm
2.35pm	3.10pm	5.30pm	6.00pm
3.20pm	4.15pm		
5.30pm	6.00pm		

Leaving	Arriving	Leaving	Arriving
Nimbin – Main St. (Park)	Lismore Transit Centre	Nimbin – Main St. (Park)	Lismore Transit Centre
7.52am	8.50am	9.00am	9.35am
9.00am	9.35am	12.45pm	1.15pm *
12.45pm	1.15pm *	3.25pm	4.10pm
3.25pm	4.10pm	6.05pm	6.35pm
4.25pm	5.00pm		
6.05pm	6.35pm		

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\* Mondays & Thursdays Only



# The Callan McMillan Shield and the Anzac Cup

Match reports by PAC

Round One began on Sunday 17th March at the Headers Field. Our first senior games of the season got off to a good start with a one-all draw for the women's team and a two-one win for the men.

## Nimbin Headers 1 Casino 1

The women are competing in the Callan McMillan shield and kicked off at 2.30 and scored first with a well taken goal by Ruby.

And in the second half Casino secured a draw with a great shot right on the edge of the penalty area right into the top right hand corner of the net giving our goalie no chance of getting to it. Both teams looked a bit match shy and the Headers should have made more of their chances as they had at least seven shots on goal to two by the visitors. To be fair the Headers girls did get back to the way they finished off last season in the last 15 minutes and could or should have secured the three points.

## Nimbin Headers 2 Richmond Rovers 1

The men kicked off their first Anzac Cup match at 4.30pm against Richmond Rovers who had come here to give us a decent clash. The game was an end-to-end affair and very entertaining with the Headers scoring the opening goal with a cracker from Gary Whisker then it was back to the end-to-end stuff again 'til just before half time when Rovers levelled with a fairly good goal of their own.

The second half started with honours even and Rovers were going for the



On-field action from the Headers V Workers game in June 2012

win as they attacked us for about 20 minutes, but good defence and some spectacular saves (one a double save) from (Golden) Gordon King in the Headers goal kept them at bay.

Both teams now were going for the win and with time running out Phil (Chip) Courtney smashed in the winner for the mighty Headers. All I can say is look out the other two teams that have to meet Richmond Rovers.

## Richmond Rovers 0 Nimbin Headers 1 Round Two, Callan McMillan shield, Sunday 24th March.

The Headers senior women's team got their passing game going from the start, but the last 20 meters in front of goal was letting them down.

Emma who was in goal for the first half made a great save. The ball was hit hard and she parried it straight up into the air and as it came down she re-gathered. Pearl had a chance just before half time but put the shot just over the bar.

Five minutes into the second half some great dribbling by Ruby who went past three defenders and slotted it into the net to give the Headers the lead. Headers were now keeping up the pressure. After a half an hour into the second half Emma had a great

run into the penalty box and tried to go around the goalie but the goalie just dropped onto the ball and the chance was missed. And it happened again later in the game. Now the chances were coming thick and fast for the Headers but Rovers held firm.

## Ballina 1 Nimbin Headers 6 Round Two, Anzac Cup, Sunday 24th March

Scorers for the Headers were Miko Hayashi 2, Phil (Chip) Courtney 2, Gary Whisker 1, Geri Price-Jones 1.

## Lismore Workers 0 Nimbin Headers 11 Round Three, Anzac Cup, Tuesday 26th March

Nimbin Headers started this game with a bang scoring after 2 minutes and repeated the dose 2 minutes later and on average they were scoring every 5 minutes and at half time it was 8-0 to the Headers.

In the second half the Headers were on the attack most of the half and at one time the Workers were defending for nearly 20 minutes as the linesman was at the corner flag for most of that time. But the Workers only conceded 3 goals in the second stanza which was a good effort as they only had 10 men and one of them did not play in the second half due to an injury.

Two of the Headers players

got a hat-trick, one got 2 goals and the rest were singles. This win took them into the Anzac Cup Final, after scoring 19 goals and conceding only 2 in the three matches a fine effort. The Final will be played of course on Anzac day, not sure of the venue yet.

The Headers actually scored another goal as Miko or Phil scored another goal but the referee did not put that one down. So a third player could have scored a hat-trick. Well done boys.

Gary Whisker 3, Steve Wadington 3, Miko Hayashi 2, Phil Courtney 2, and Sakii Hayashi 1.

## Coming Up

The Women's team play their third Callan McMillan shield game away at Lismore Workers on Tuesday night 2nd April.

The Nimbin Headers next home games are Saturday 6th April: juniors and mens Headers V Thistles. Sunday 7th: women's Headers V South Lismore.

Small Sided Football games commence 4th May.

Formal training for Small Sided and Junior teams has commenced. Coaches will be in attendance and training is on Thursdays, gate open at 3.30pm, and training for Small Sided teams starts at 4pm and for Juniors from 4.30pm.



by Pixie, fishing reporter

With the Easter break upon us, and with the knowledge that the mackerel have finally come back on the chew, it's time to pull the boats out of the shed and chase some Easter fish. So myself, Harry and Watto took a Thursday off work and headed to Evans Head with Watto's boat, 'Mystery', hopefully chasing Spanish mackerel.

So, it's up at 4am with a slow drive through the thick fog to Evans Head. We launch the boat and have an easy trip through the bar with everything looking good, a slow rolling 1-metre swell, not much wind and great looking blue water with the water temperature 27 degrees. Everything just about right for catching mackerel.

The mackerel were on the chew on Saturday and Tuesday, but not on the Thursday, so it was a change of plan. We met up with Arrow and Jessee fishing out of Arrow's boat 'Snapper', and we all started bottom bouncing, chasing trag, flathead and snapper, but they were also hard to find. All we were chasing were red rock cod, also known as red harrys or poor man's lobster, or 'the scourge of the sea'.

By 11am, we only had

three fish on board, and we were doing it tough. We had tried around 20 different spots, but always catching the dreaded red harry. Then, as Arrow and Jessee moved off to a different spot, Pix and Harry hooked up to a couple of nice trag, and Watto hooked up big time. This was not another red harry. After a good fish fight, Watto landed a 5kg snapper – a personal best.

So down goes the anchor and out comes the burley, and we were now hooking up on trag, snapper and flathead. This fishing feast lasted for an hour, then they were gone but the esky was looking good. We had our Easter fish, now it was time to head back to shore before the Evans Head bar got nasty.

But the excitement wasn't over. 1½ hours before low tide, the bar was looking evil, with 2-metre waves standing up and dumping into a washing machine. We got through with not much water under the boat on the silted bar, and all was good again.

For you members of the Nimbin Heads Fishing Team going on the annual Fraser Island fishing trip, it's time to get organised, as there's only 61 sleeps to go.

Tight lines, guys.

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Authorised by James Moylan, 11 Pine Street, North Lismore 2480, on behalf of the HEMP Party

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